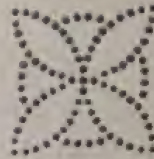


The
Frances Shimer
Record

April 1929



MOUNT CARROLL, ILLINOIS



Concerning Wills and Annuities

Have you remembered the School in your will? It has no resources except Mrs. Shimer's estate and its income from pupils and \$70,000 in other endowment. Use this form for bequest:

FORM OF LEGACY

also give and bequeath to THE FRANCES SHIMER ACADEMY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO ----- dollars for the purposes of the Academy as specified in the Act of Incorporation. And I hereby direct my executor (or executors) to pay said sum to the Treasurer of said Academy, taking his receipt therefor, within ----- months after my decease.

FORM OF A DEVISE OF REAL ESTATE

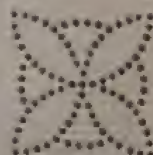
also give, bequeath, and devise to THE FRANCES SHIMER ACADEMY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO one certain lot of land with the buildings thereon standing (there describe the premises with exactness and particularity) to be held and possessed by the said Academy, its successors and assigns forever, for the purpose specified in the Act of Incorporation.

Write the President concerning annuities.

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The Books of Account of this Institution are audited by Lybrand Ross Brothers & Montgomery, chartered public accountants of New York, Pittsburgh, Philadelphia, Chicago. The Treasurer, President and Bookkeeper are under fidelity bonds.

THE NEWTON-DEMOCRAT PRINT, 317 N. CARROLL ST. ILL.



The Frances Shimer Record

PUBLISHED BY
THE FRANCES SHIMER SCHOOL IN APRIL, JUNE, OCTOBER, DECEMBER,
FEBRUARY
ONE DOLLAR (\$1) PER YEAR IN ADVANCE

VOLUME XX Mount Carroll, Illinois, April, 1929 NUMBER 1

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EDITORIALS



MAY WE SUGGEST?

A certain popular song makes us think of the modern girl,—the high school and college girl. In fact, the watchword of our generation seems to be "I'll get by," and it is not only in scholastic enterprises that this attitude is displayed, but in almost every phase of everyday life.

For one thing, many girls of today tend to neglect their health, and there are many, far too many, who affect prevalent fads which are oft times ruinous to the good health that the developing young woman must possess. Publius Syrus, in his maxims, says, "Good health and good sense are two of life's greatest blessings." Why can we not go the maxim one better, and say, "Good sense brings about good health?"

Whether certain newly-adopted fads are good for them or not, the girls of today have adopted them in the idea that they are being very modern. Could they not elevate themselves to the point where they would be ultra-modern, a point where the old femininity that people so admire would re-appear, a point where they could hold up their heads and frankly admire themselves? We sometimes wonder if the modern girl really cares whether she is admired and respected or not. We put in a plea for ultra-modernism among girls—originality, individualism. Not only would they improve physically, but mentally and spiritually.

The feeling of "getting by" is clearly seen in some girls' attitude toward their studies. One of the teachers remarked the other day that one of her classes always had their work in promptly, but that the material they did hand in was so slipshod and worthless that often it had to be done all over. Many students have the idea that as long as they hand in their outside work, they are "getting by"; they never stop to realize that *quality* is an essential feature.

We feel that too many of the present-day college and high school students care only about the credits they are making. They never stop to consider what they are really getting out of the course. They never choose their courses for the benefits they might reap from them. Their main hope and object is to get through—either with flying colors or by the skin of their teeth, but certainly not with any useful knowledge. Their minds have no capacity for anything but the facts that will get them through. They are not like the English university students who store up a wealth of knowledge for several years, and who are able to say

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that they really have something worth while at the end of their college life. Why can we not dig deeper into things—get something out of our work besides credits?

In the same way, girls attempt to "get by" in their social life. They forget what they owe to each other; they do not quite know how to radiate the personal charm which every girl possesses if she only takes time to develop it. There are some girls who merely go about their business, forgetting that there are others who might enjoy a minute or two of their time, a few cheerful words, or who might "weep with delight" if they were given a smile. They seem to exist only for themselves, and do not put forth the cooperative spirit that is necessary for the life—social and spiritual—in any school.

There is so much to be admired in modern young womanhood that we dislike seeing them fail in these little things in which it would be so easy for them to excel. All that we ask for is common sense in regard to health, individuality,—the desire for worth while things, and the display of cooperation and personal charm. Imagine the veritable Paradise that a school would be, were all these things true.

Catherine L. Best, College '29.

WHAT WE OWE THIS SCHOOL AS STUDENTS

Many girls, when they go away to school, do not realize that they should give something to the school in return for all it offers them. The good times planned, the splendid teachers, and the interest taken in each girl are often taken for granted. When I say, "Give something in return," I am not referring to a financial gift or a donation, but to what each student is herself capable of doing. The school spirit, the attitude taken toward her lessons and surroundings, the willingness with which she does the little things asked of her, the encouraging smile and cheery word given to a down-hearted friend, are the most valuable contributions a girl can make to her school. If they would stop to think how much a student profits by these thoughtful acts and kindnesses, I am sure that the girls would more quickly realize the necessity of cooperation, and they would gladly give their share to the success of the school. All students owe to their school or college the willingness of cooperation, as well as true-hearted zest in all its surroundings.

Margaret S. Allen, Academy '31.

LITERARY

DAWN

Dawn—
Spring dawn!
The hush
Fills me with wonder,
as I gaze.
The trees are swaying gently,
and a bird
wings its way
above them.

An apple blossom,
heavy with dew,
falls at my feet.

And,
over all—
the sky,
delicately tinted,
heralds the approach
of the sun.

Dawn—
Spring dawn!

Margaret Munger,
College '29.

RAIN

Rain . . . rain . . . rain . . .
Ever dropping . . . lightly . . .
Pattering against panes and sills
In dull monotonous rhythms . . .
Sleepy, trickling tunes . . .
Water . . . rain . . . water . . . rain
Dripping . . . drizzling . . .
Rain . . .

Roberta Leland, College '30.

PINK BROCADE

The richly trapped horse stamped and pawed the dust of the road in front of the drawbridge. A small face appeared in the narrow wall window for a minute, then disappeared. After some time with great creaking and groaning, the huge drawbridge sank into position, and almost before it touched ground, the horse was racing to the wall. The iron grill was raised and the beautiful black beast pranced into the courtyard, where stood a twelve-year-old girl, and a very old, very wizened man, the gatekeeper.

The child stood staring at the horse. She dared not venture to ask the old gate-keeper what he thought of it, because she had lied to him, to get him to open the gate. She said that her brother had returned from the hunt, but she knew he would not have returned before the others, and she wanted to see the horse at close range.

The gate-keeper returned to his post muttering to himself, and left the child alone with the horse. She had seen a small piece of pink brocade fastened to the horse's jewel-encrusted bridle, and knew that it was the sign by which a knight might ask for help, that of placing his lady's favor on the bridle of his horse, and turning him loose.

The child was an adventurous sort, and because she knew that there were no men at home, she decided to try to find the knight. It did not dawn on her that what the knight might need was brawn and skill in warfare.

She led the unresisting horse to the postern gate. She could manage that drawbridge herself, but she had a little trouble getting the horse through so small an opening. Once on the other side, she began to think of ways to mount the charger. She led him until she found a large rock, and with a great deal of undignified scrambling she managed to arrive at the top. As soon as she was securely seated, the horse started off at a fast canter toward Exeter woods. The impulsive little girl began to worry. Here she was flying, she knew not where nor to whom, and no one else knew where she had gone, and there were no men at home to look for her, and even if she made the horse turn,—a feat which she couldn't accomplish,—the postern gate would be securely fastened, and in all probability, the gate-keeper would not let her back in again. The thought struck her that she might have to stay in the woods all night.

They entered the woods, but the horse did not change his pace at all. The child ducked, and lay close to his back as he plunged deeper into the woods. She could not keep the sobs back any longer. She was lost now, and when it was dark, the wolves would eat her.

After a long ride, they came to a swift river, and the horse plunged fearlessly into it. When they came to the other side, the horse went cautiously forward to a small opening in the forest. There, near the center of it, lay two men in armor. In the hand of the tall, slender knight was half a spear, and close to him lay a shattered spear and a battle-axe. The other knight was a shorter, thick-set fellow. The child slid quickly off of the horse, taking the precaution of tying him,

and then crept stealthily toward the two men, praying that at least one would be alive. She did not know how to tell whether they were or not. She spoke softly, half expecting them suddenly to jump up and begin battle where they had left off. She had seen her big brother throw a pail of cold water on her sister once, when the sister seemed dead. She tugged at the helmet of the tall knight, until it came off making her sit down abruptly. There was a bad wound on the knight's head, and also a deep dent in the helmet. She ran down to the river and filled the helmet and returned. She sprinkled both men rather impartially, and when the tall knight moved, she flew back for more water.

The knight was just regaining consciousness, and tried to get away from the icy water she kept pouring into his face, but whichever way his head would roll, she would follow with the water. It certainly proved an effective way of wakening the knight.

When he opened his eyes, he looked straight into a pair of eyes as blue as his own, and equally astonished.

"Child," he gasped, "what are you doing here in the wood?"

She stood there, suddenly shy and tongue-tied. The knight managed to raise himself to a sitting position, and then stood up, swaying weakly. He looked around and saw his horse tied to a tree. He staggered over to the horse, and leaned against him for support.

"Where do you live, child?" he asked, "and who are you?"

"I'm Elaine," she said simply.

"Where do you live?" he repeated.

"At the castle," she explained.

"That isn't much to help me. Where is the castle?"

"Across that river somewhere," she said sadly. "Are you lost, too? The horse knew the way because he brought me here."

The knight demanded the whole story of the child's daring, and then decided that they could probably follow the horse's tracks most of the way back if they hurried, and got out of the woods before dark. Elaine picked up the sharp half of the knight's spear, and allowed him to lift her up before him on the horse. After they had crossed the river, the horse waited for his master to decide which way they would go, but the reins remained loose. Together the knight and the child picked out the path the horse took back from the castle, and as soon as the horse realized what was expected of him, he went forward without the slightest hesitancy, following the path he made before. Just before it became absolutely dark, they came in sight of the castle.

As they approached, the drawbridge was let down, and eight mounted knights came dashing down the roadway from the bridge, each carrying a flare. With an ecstatic little scream, Elaine nestled against the knight as he spurred his horse.

The baron was the first to see them. He turned his horse toward them, and in a minute was clasping his small daughter to him, and trying to thank the knight at the same time.

It was a triumphal procession that recrossed the drawbridge, and the same welcoming was repeated by the women folk.

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Little Elaine thought that her sister suddenly looked very rosy and very happy, but attributed it to her own homecoming. There were no scoldings for the little runaway.

Just as she was going to bed, she heard the deep, melodious laugh of her wounded knight who was lying on an improvised bed in the dining hall, and heard him say:

"The favor, fair lady, was that of the knight I killed in combat, but it has brought me you."

Elaine wondered why her sister laughed a little and cried a little, and hugged her so when she came to say good-night.

Helene Thurston, College '30.

BUT WHAT OF THAT?

Spring is here,
But what of that?
What of warbling birds
That waken you at six o'clock?
What of oozy mud
That covers everything?
What of floods and rains
And storms and angry rivers?
Yes, Spring is here—
But what of that?

Dorothy Randall, College '30.

ANDREA, THE FLORENTINE

All Florence was damp, dismal, and dreary. It had rained for two days, and showed no signs of stopping at all. To Andrea del Sarto, a struggling young painter, his studio was the dampest, most dismal, and dreariest place in all Florence. He was almost right. Through the little cracks in the roof, tiny rivulets of water were making their way noiselessly, until they dropped with a loud splash into the various sized pots and pans that Andrea had placed here and there to catch them. The dismalness and dreariness lay in Andrea himself, for his face was the epitome of both.

Dell Sarto was at a loss. His model had recently deserted him for a painter who offered her many more florins for her services, and whose success was so apparent that even his model would receive her share of fame. Andrea was despondent—and the disagreeable weather did but add to his mood.

He let his eye roam around the studio. It was filled, for the most part, with canvasses—some already used, others very new and fascinating. There was a little alcove where Andrea did his cooking, and where several pots and pans and a string of garlic hung. A low cot stood under a casement window through which one saw anything but a fascinating scene—squalid houses, wretched, crowded streets, and utter poverty. There were a few chairs in Andrea's studio, a table and a ragged footstool, but nothing else. Andrea sighed, and the sigh took on a tinge of jealousy—

jealousy for others of his profession who had succeeded—Raphael, Michelangelo, da Vinci. Once he had been in Raphael's studio, and to him it had been a veritable paradise, the studio of his dreams come true.

Del Sarto walked over to the table, and picked up a card that he had flung there earlier in the afternoon. It was an invitation to a charity ball which one of his friends had sent him. Charity! Andrea smiled. In less than no time he would probably be an object of charity himself. If he had only a capable model, he could startle the world with his paintings. But for the time being—well, the ball seemed the only way by which to escape the dreariness of that Florentine night. It would cost him nothing, and there would be warmth, a light repast, glasses of sparkling, blood-warming wine, music, and the laughter of pretty women. Perhaps a model!

It was more than once that Andrea danced with Lucretia, the wife of a hatter, but so engrossed in each other were they, that they did not even notice the closing of the ball.

"I should like to paint you," whispered Andrea, but Lucretia shook her head.

"I have not the patience to stand still all day long to be painted. Besides I must remain with my husband."

However, it did not take more than two dances for Andrea to convince her that they should meet in the cathedral on the next day—at least, to discuss his proposition.

The days grew into weeks, the one meeting grew into more meetings, and as often happens, their acquaintanceship turned to love. Still, Andrea had not succeeded in having Lucretia pose for him, although to him she was a perfect model for a Madonna.

And one night in the spring—such a spring as only Florence could have—Andrea received a message from Lucretia, saying that her husband had died from a stroke.

For the first few weeks, Andrea's wedded life was all for which he had ever hoped. Lucretia and her beauty were as a shrine to him, and he worshipped her as one would worship a saint. He succeeded in painting her, and he sold the pictures at prices of which he could never have conceived in the former days. He even obtained several pupils, and his success seemed assured. He was asked to join a club where he came in contact with Michelangelo and Raphael, and his joy knew no bounds.

But Andrea had not reckoned with the effect of his success on Lucretia. As the wife of the hatter, she had not had a chance for extravagance, and now her day had come. She spent Andrea's money like the proverbial water, and kept him insanely busy painting pictures to supply her with more and more florins. She grew nagging, and would give Andrea no peace to work leisurely on a picture, but would hurry him until he turned out something that he could sell.

Andrea's four or five pupils could bear Lucretia's interference in the studio no longer, and one by one, they ceased to return, leaving Andrea alone in his misery.

Andrea, however, paid no attention, for he was so wrapped up in his

wife that he had not time for other things. The few loving and kind words that Lucretia did give him were as food to a starving man. He was so utterly in love with her that he overlooked her nagging and her great extravagance. His every thought was of her. Little did he realize that he was getting more and more in debt every day, and that his paintings did not sell so rapidly as they used to. Lucretia was indifferent to Andrea's art; petulantly she would pose for a short time, and then run off for the day, little caring what Andrea accomplished.

One day, a day that had been especially hard and trying for him, del Sarto received word that the king of France wanted him to help collect art treasures for his palace at Versailles. The summons came at an opportune time, for funds were low in the del Sarto household, and Andrea had no visible way of replenishing them. However, he still had Lucretia with whom to reckon. She assumed the attitude of being very much opposed to Andrea's journey to such a distant place, and to his being so far from her.

Andrea, ever attentive, tried to explain matters to her. "Lucretia mia," he whispered, "it is only for a short time, and I shall make very much money to buy you lovely gowns and jewels."

And with that, Lucretia dried her tears, and gave her consent to del Sarto's leaving.

Andrea had been in Versailles for two months, and had become very popular with the king and the French court. He had been commissioned to buy many art treasures for the Versailles palace, and he had been entrusted with a large sum of money for the purpose.

Every few days, during his stay, messages would come from the dissatisfied Lucretia for Andrea to hurry back to Florence; she even threatened to join him in France, "and share your pleasures and luxuries with you"—as she put it.

So, reluctantly, but ever happy at the thought of being with his wife again, Andrea returned to Florence, bringing with him the fabulous sum of money which the king of France had given him to buy objects of art in Italy.

Lucretia, good little actress that she was, was overjoyed to see him. "Andrea carissimo," she cried. "And have you brought money, many gold florins for your Lucretia so that she may again look beautiful in new gowns and jewels? Tonight I have prepared a wonderful dinner for your homecoming, and tomorrow—ah, tomorrow!"

If Andrea had not been so blinded by his love for Lucretia, he could have seen what lay behind those two words, "Ah, tomorrow!" However, Lucretia made the whole evening one of such rapture and joy for him that he quite forgot everything but her.

The morrow—and many morrows after—brought the orgies of spending for which Lucretia had always hoped. Feathers, silks, satins, laces—all that any queen could desire was hers.

And at the climax of her joy, she consented to pose for Andrea for a picture that he called "Madonna dell 'Arpie." Lucretia was beautiful,

but there was just a touch of dissatisfaction about her mouth. Nevertheless, the picture was finished. Andrea had done his best work, and Lucretia, content with the thought of her fine purchases and more to come, made an exquisite Madonna. It was a powerful picture, with a feeling of spaciousness and reposeful grandeur. Andrea never had a really sincere religious conviction, nor a feeling of tenderness for the mother and child, but he succeeded aptly in portraying stateliness and queenly greatness.

Raphael, on a visit to Andrea's studio, exclaimed at this latest painting, and said. "Ah, del Sarto, such richness in color I have never seen. You are truly an artist." Andrea's cup was filled to overflowing.

A few weeks after the completion of the picture, Andrea was publicly proclaimed a thief. The sum of money entrusted to him by the French king had dwindled to a mere pittance, and Andrea had nothing to show for it.

In a very few days, Andrea aged over ten years. Lucretia, at the first sign of his disgrace, deserted him, and returned only for any few florins with which he could supply her. Even in the face of her treatment, he still loved her, and he would entreat her to remain with him.

"Lucretia mia," he would whisper, "come back to Andrea who loves you. Together we shall start anew, and make a success of life and my art."

But Lucretia, jingling a few of Andrea's last coins in her purse, would retort, "Come back to you—a thief? Come back to live in poverty? Oh, no, Andrea! Besides, I do not love you." And with the closing of the door, Andrea felt that she had closed him out of her life.

It was not long before Andrea, subjecting himself to all kinds of weather and all sorts of company, fell ill of a plague which was ravaging all of Florence. He grew worse and worse, and lay unattended in a tiny garret bedroom in a squalid section of the city.

One day, with a fever that nearly burned the very life out of him, Andrea rose from his bed, dressed himself slowly and painfully, and fairly dragged himself to the Uffizi Gallery where many of his paintings hung.

"I want to see my Lucretia once more," he murmured to himself, "My Lucretia."

He hastened to his "Madonna dell 'Arpie," and once more he gazed upon the countenance of his beautiful wife whom he so adored. "Lucretia, come back to me," he cried. Suddenly, he felt very faint, and in a moment, he was a mere, crumpled heap on the marble floor.

A day later, in Andrea's club, one of the artists paused in drinking a glass of wine, and remarked, "I hear that del Sarto died of the plague yesterday."

"So?" murmured one of his companions.

Catherine Best, College '29.

I LEARN

If you had been less remote—
Not quite so far away—
I might never have learned
That Love was in the loving,
Life in the living,
Not the end, but the means, important . . .
But, oh, my dear,
I wish you had not been!

Charlotte D. Evans, College '30.

THE LEGEND OF THE INDIAN HEAD

My grandfather used to tell me this legend concerning the Indian Head, a well-known rock among the bluffs north of Savanna, Illinois.

Long ago when Savanna was but a stretch of rolling grass lands and forested bluffs there lived here a tribe of Indians, the Ojees. An outstanding characteristic of the Ojees was the belief that good and evil spirits whom they worshipped came down to live among them in the form of human beings.

Now among the tribe was one old chieftan by the name of Karakowski who was beloved of all his people. The children loved him because he taught them the ways of the forest; the braves honored and respected him because in his younger days he had been a valiant warrior.

One day there came to the tribe an Indian babe—Landra. Across the face of Landra was an ugly scar and the Indians, thinking him an evil spirit, shunned him. Karakowski, however, took the boy and raised him as his own son. He taught him the secrets of nature as well as the accomplishments of a warrior, and Landra loved him greatly. But, one day Landra disappeared.

Soon after the boy's disappearance the Indians noticed a strange light in the bluffs at night, and at times they thought they heard strange noises coming from that vicinity. Because of their many superstitions none would go near the place.

After these strange occurrences had ceased, a few of the bravest warriors set out to investigate. They found up there in the bluffs the huge head of an Indian carved in stone which greatly resembled Karakowski. It was made by Landra who had been in reality a good spirit living among them.

Below the face, carved in the stone, were the following words:

"Just as the face of Karakowski is carved in stone so shall the character of men like unto him be carved in the memory of the tribe."

The face of Karakowski still looks upon us, and though the decades have dimmed Landra's written words, they have proved the truth of them.

Mildred Davis, College '29.

CHURCH PILLARS

Of all the people in this world there are none more interesting than the pillars of the church; and I rather suspect that in future realms they

will be just as interesting and just as truly pillars. The divine right of kings is as nothing to the divine spirit right of pillars. They are the inspired and thoroughly upright members of the church.

I remember how, as a little girl, I used to tremble with awe when in the presence of a pillar. No one looks quite so much like a rainy day with huge banks of dark murky clouds overhead as a pillar; and I have always held a sort of religious sentiment concerning rainstorms. To me they are as unfathomable as church pillars and I have always wondered if they were not related—cousins, perhaps.

No one in all the church has the same relation to the pastor. All other members either meet him on equal ground or look up to him with a sort of reverence; all but the pillars. How they relish giving advice to their pastors! Indeed, since they are the mainstays of the church, it is not only their privilege but their duty, their solemn and sacred duty, to spend long hours with their pastor, counseling as only a pillar can counsel.

Church pillars have existed since the beginning of church history. While I largely suspect that the pillars spoken of in the story of Samson were literally of wood and stone, yet I have always taken a certain malicious delight in the way in which he leaned upon the pillars of the church. Perfectly absurd, is it not, to find so much comfort in the fate of those two particular pillars; and, yet, perfectly satisfying?

Miriam Boozer, College '30.

APRIL

Rain mist in the valleys,
And green mist on the trees—
I may not mourn your going
Any more than these.
Dampness on my forehead
And on my cheek as well;
Tears—or rain—or kisses?
Who is there to tell?

Charlotte Evans, College '30.

OF THE NEED OF REFORM IN RESTAURANTS

During the time I have been in the city which has been approximately three months, I have of necessity taken my meals at restaurants and cafeterias. I have become quite familiar with the service and customs of these eating-houses, and I am appalled at the need for reform. The field now open for a clever efficiency expert is wide, but by far the most urgent case, it seems to me, is the problem of lettuce.

Consider the number of people, in this enlightened era of sane diet, who daily order and consume a salad. Each salad is served on a lettuce leaf, an established custom; yet how many eat this leaf? I became avidly interested in this problem, and so, for a full month I made my observations and compiled my statistics. In cafeterias I took note of those whose trays bore a salad, and followed them, and did not leave until they had left. Here is the result of my careful work. Of all those whom I was able to observe in this long month, but one person ate any portion of his

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lettuce, and this odd individual consumed only a bare third of the leaf.

Obviously then, the lettuce served is an unnecessary waste of the food itself, of the time, and of the labor required for its preparation. What a saving to the management if the restaurant were well stocked with attractively fashioned *rubber* lettuce leaves. Surely in this day of advanced science it would not be difficult to manufacture a product which would resemble in color, form, and texture the most excellent specimens of actual lettuce. The advantages of such a step would be two-fold—less expense for the use, and greater satisfaction for the patron. After use, each leaf could be washed as well as the dishes and sterilized in a far more hygienic manner than is possible for natural lettuce. In this way, the required accompaniment for salad might be used indefinitely, and the consumer be assured of a sanitary, attractive dish. Each of you has no doubt experienced at some time or other, the disgust upon being served with a wilted, sorry-looking shred of lettuce, unpleasing to the eye and detrimental to the appetite. With the installation of a supply of patented rubber lettuce leaves, this evil would be completely obliterated. The presence of fine sediment upon lettuce is not at all uncommon, due to the perishable nature of this vegetable, which allows only the most perfunctory washing. In a manufactured product, this condition would never appear.

With so many points in its favor, let us hope that in the near future, some enlightened concern will undertake to supply and promote some such device as is here presented. If this is done, a great step will have been made in the development of an ideal organization to serve the public appetite in the best possible way.

Neva Lowman, College '30.

THE APRIL AFTER THE ARMISTICE

Little patches of fast melting snow here and there were the only traces of the past winter. There was a certain balminess in the air, and a few enterprising blades of grass had pushed their way through the soil. One bold robin, fat and lazy from his southern winter, hopped about the leaves of the park searching for food.

Among the people whiling away their time on the benches was one who wore a uniform, whose face was scarred, and whose eyes were strangely sad and old. Deep in thought, he took no notice of those about him, and tried to form his plans. During the long time in which he had been believed missing, and the tiresome delay in France before he could return, he had received no word from home. However, he knew that his mother was dead, and that his father's condition was probably not of the best. What should he do? Go to his father immediately, or wait until he had secured work, and go cheerfully, assured that he would not be a burden to the old man?

As he sat there wondering, there came the uncertain tapping of a stick upon the pavement, and the slow, shuffling steps that belong to age. Then a scraping sound as the cane was laid down, and a bent, white-haired

old man sat down beside the soldier, James Morton. There was silence for a while, and then in a high, thin voice the old man ventured:

"You're just back from over there?"

"Yes, ship docked this morning."

Another pause, and then:

"I've a son there myself. One of the first to go, he was, and not back yet."

He stopped again, and sighed. Then, encouraged by the soldier's look of interest, went on:

"I'm an old man, and I know I haven't long to live, but I always have the hope that I will see my son once again. Every month more of them come back, and perhaps, if God wills, he will come back to me."

Then with attempted cheerfulness: "Well, I must be going. Good-bye and good luck, soldier."

Withered blue-veined hands that shook clutched the knotty stick, and, assisted to his feet, the old man moved slowly off.

James watched him go, his face masking conflicting emotions. He wanted to run after his father, to throw his arms about his neck, but still a public park was no place for a reunion of that sort. It was no wonder that his father had not recognized him, he reflected, disfigured as he was by the marks of war. He would go to him that evening, and how they would laugh over the incident of the morning! In the meantime, he would try to make himself more presentable—a little more like the son his father remembered.

In the evening, James entered a telephone booth and eagerly gave the familiar number. A long wait, then:

"Drop your nickel, please!"

Another wait, and a strange voice answered:

"Yes?"

It was a woman's voice, calm and brisk and businesslike.

"Is Mr. Morton there, please?"

"Mr. Morton"—here the voice took on a softer note—"died late this afternoon."

There was a sharp click as the receiver found its hook and severed the connection.

Neva Lowman, College '30.

HAIR

Hair! The second most important topic of conversation in the world. Of course, I would ungrudgingly yield the first place to that eternal course of interest, the pound of flesh, but, then, some subjects are too painful to talk about.

Therefore, after the pound and the inevitable calories, hair is most constantly mentioned. We are all afflicted with it. And it is all, according to personal reports, abnormally unruly and difficult to manage. Who knows but that Eve, when she took the fatal bite, hoped to learn the secret of managing her flowing locks to better advantage than did Lillith, her Talmudic rival, who, according to tradition, had two great braids of hair, golden as ripened wheat.

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No other perfection has been so much sought after as perfection of coiffure, and no other perfection has been so varied in interpretation. Styles in cosmetics may change, but artificial blushes are more or less centered; lips can not be distorted beyond a certain point; the long, silken eyelashes of poetry have never given way to a new ideal in cropped, or scalloped, or bleached ones. But hair—ah! that is another story—first high, then low, now powdered, now hennaed, bleached, or darkened; it has passed through more phases than has dress; it has been treated more shamefully than the poor, and yet like the poor, it is always with us.

It is claimed that a single lock from a lady's head has worked marvels with its silent persuasiveness. How anyone was sure to recognize whose the lock was has not been mentioned, and is, perhaps, beside the point.

Certainly one lock of that extremely indefinite substance called forth Pope's *Rape of the Lock*. Few other subjects have raised such storms of protest at every sign of an innovation. "Cut her hair?"—all sorts of spectres were called forth, from divine disapproval to a loss in feminine allure. Girls would take cold; they would become masculine, they would—in fact there was no fate too dreary to be predicted as their ultimate end. How much energy was lost, how much breath was wasted, how much turmoil was stirred up in trying to change that changing, but unchangeable, quantity a woman's mind.

It was not so long ago that the styles in masculine headdress were nearly, if not quite, as fluctuating. One generation hid it beneath powdered wigs; another queued it; a third let it fall over lace collars in "elegant ringlets". Now mankind is universally sensible and shorn; women are eternally and proverbially foolish. Permanents, bobs, pompadours,—always insane and maligned at their introduction become universally sane, unchangeable, and sanctioned ten years later.

Long live hair! At least women are less often bald than men, which may be because her hair is feminine enough to love a change, and remains, out of curiosity, to see what new silhouette it will next form. At any rate long live hair! A harmless subject, which is able to raise enough semi-serious argument to keep us for at least a few more years from boredom.

Charlotte Evans, College '30.

NIGHT

Night . . . calm, dark . . . and still,—
Breeze . . . cool and moist . . .
 wafts gently, lingeringly
 quiet and refreshing . . .
The cool of evening,—
Night . . . the everlasting vigil
 of eternal sleep.

Roberta Leland, College '30.

RESIGNATION

The pine trees look sad.
All winter they have been monarchs,
Reigning supreme in their green glory;

Now spring is coming,—other trees will be green,—
The grandeur of the pine trees will be dimmed by the pitiless
invaders.

And the sadness of the pine trees
Is the hopeless sorrow of inevitable change.

Margaret Sayer, College '29.

THE CHARM OF A MOUNTAIN SPRING

A Spring! A mountain Spring! The magic words bring lovely,
lovely pictures to my mind. Dawn, all silver and crystal. The fresh
pure rush of mountain air over wide expanse, over waving velvet-green
forest. High cliffs, deep valleys and canyons, water falls and rushing
mountain streams.

I see, I feel all these and more, I feel the damp fragrance of the earth
rising to my head like wine. The fresh cool draught I drink from the
sparkling spring is like new life to a tired and dispirited soul. I see the
glittering water come dripping and splashing over rock, pebble, green
moss, and black earth, and I pass into wild abandonment of spirit. My
thoughts soar higher and higher, until I am as high as the birds in their
flight. My thoughts are as light and care-free as a child's, as sweet and
lovely as a wild violet watered by the gentle spray of the splashing spring.

And never again could I be drawn to the sordid realities of life, the
hopelessness that is sometimes ours. For I have known the charm of a
spring, a mountain spring.

Margaret Landberg, College '29.

SPRING

Spring! What a marvelous word all in itself. Just that one little
word can change this dreary, cold, shivering world into delightful, dainty,
fairylend. Unbelievable, but true!

I love to think of trees as human beings. In the spring, it seems to
me, they stretch out their long arms in welcome to the silvery showers and
bright sunny days. What could be more wonderful than to be a brave,
gallant pine, high up on a mountain, overlooking a valley in spring?
If I were one I would "die" in ecstasy of joy. Around me I would see
soft yellow and blue green colors cover my fellow companions. Spirited
birds would flit from tree to tree. Underneath my boughs gentle blue-
eyed violets would snuggle in tall grasses. It would be peaceful, tran-
quil, bringing promises of life and love to a weary world. What else
could be more wonderful when spring means joy of living?

Annette Kirby, Academy '29.

SPRING

A new sweet spring's born!
It brings an ecstasy of pain
To see the pines in stately lines
Soft blurred by April's rain.

Miriam Boozer, College '30.

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MARCH DREAMS

I want to lie
On the grassy turf
And watch cloud-ships
Sail over me.

I want to dream
That I am resting
On those feathery billows
Lighted by a crescent moon.

I want to watch,
From my fairy craft,
Spring bursting forth
In rhapsodies of green.

Lillian O'Neill, College '30.



ART TEA

On the afternoons of January fourteenth and fifteenth, members of the History of Art Class were hostesses at teas. A large collection of Medici Prints was exhibited, and many town people as well as Shimer teachers and students took advantage of the opportunity to see these excellent reproductions of the world's greatest pictures.

MISS FLORENCE JACKSON

Miss Florence Jackson, a member of the Personnel Bureau of Wellesley College, visited the School February fourth, fifth and sixth. She gave a series of vocational talks, which were helpful and worth while, and many of the girls had private conferences with her to discuss their chosen lines of work. We all appreciated her valuable advice.

VESPERS

January 13—This evening a very interesting and vivid talk was given by Mr. Franklin D. Elmer on the life and customs in Palestine. He himself was garbed in the strange dress of that country.

January 20—President McKee gave a most entertaining yet instructive talk on "The Wit and Wisdom of Samuel Johnson." The life and characteristics of the learned doctor were presented to us in a vivid and interesting way and we all enjoyed the service.

January 27.—Everyone enjoys hearing about life in far-away countries, and Miss Hinken made a wise choice when she selected "Arabia" as her topic for the evening talk. She told us many strange and interesting things about this romantic land, and we only wish the time could have been longer.

February 3—After a brief but comprehensive discussion of modern American Architecture, Miss Morrison told us about the new University of Chicago Chapel, illustrating her lecture with slides.

February 10—This evening Dr. Arthur E. Holt spoke to us on the subject of "Leadership". He made his talk vivid with many illustrations and succeeded in instilling many of us with new ambition.

February 17—Miss Jenschke had charge of Vespers this evening. In



THE GREEN CURTAIN DRAMATIC CLUB



THE RECORD STAFF

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an illustrated lecture, she told us about life in Chile, of which she herself is a native.

February 24—On Sunday evening, February twenty-fourth, Miss Schuster and Miss Allyn entertained us with a piano recital. Their entire program was executed with precision showing the marked ability of both. Their first selection, Saint-Saen's "Variations on a Theme of Beethoven," especially showed good technique. "The Blue Danube" and "The Turkish March" commanded the most favor, and proved to be the high spots of their program. The girls look forward each year to this recital, knowing that it will be an evening of delightful entertainment.

March 3—March third the Y. W. C. A. invited Miss Pauline Sage to come and speak to us about China and its political and social conditions. Miss Sage has traveled much in that country and she gave numerous interesting personal experiences.

March 10—Miss Wallace, in a varied and charming program, delighted us this evening with her singing. First she sang a group of Old English ballads—"The Lass With the Delicate Air" proving the most familiar and popular of these. Then came two groups of modern songs of many countries—"The Piper," "I Know Where I'm Going," "Moon Marketing," and "Animal Crackers" were included in these. Throughout the entire program Miss Wallace proved her worth as a skilfull and sympathetic interpreter.

March 17—What is more interesting than travel accounts of foreign lands? This evening Miss Hinken read us letters written by a friend who is in the Near East, interspersing the reading with delightful comments of her own.

"THE UPPER ROOM"

This year for the Easter Vespers, March 24, the Y. W. C. A. gave the passion play, "The Upper Room", by Robert Hugh Benson. The purpose of the play is to present the incidents of the passion and this is accomplished by reports of the events leading to the Crucifixion which little Samuel carries to Achaz, an innkeeper.

The Glee Club under the direction of Miss Wallace helped in creating a reverent atmosphere in the beginning and throughout the drama. All the players entered into it exceedingly well and we should all give Miss Parker a vote of thanks for her efforts put forth as director.

The cast is as follows:

Achaz	Harriet Pray
Samuel	Mary Palmer
Joseph of Arimathaea	Catherine Turner
Peter	Anita Hurley
John	Anne Finley
Judas	Lillian O'Neill
Mary	Helen McEldowney
Mary Magdalene	Madelyn Helm
Veronica	Geraldine Mitchell

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SATURDAY NIGHTS

January 19—Monthly club meetings were held on this date. A special feature was the play "The Dear Departed", presented by members of the Dramatic club and attended by many of the girls from other clubs.

January 29—"The Last Command" starring Emil Jannings was presented in Chapel this evening, and furnished the audience an impressive and interesting time.

February 2—Tonight the members of faculty stepped out of their usual stern and dignified roles, and appeared before us in a clever stage performance which kept the audience applauding riotously. A barn dance, a woodland fantasy, and "The Three Bears", were the three numbers on the program, and the famed "Faculty Night" proved to be literally a howling success.

February 9—This evening all clubs held their meetings and went through the usual proceedings. The Travel Club was outstanding with an illustrated lecture on Roman Life.

February 16—"Open night" is always welcomed as leaving us free to enjoy ourselves in any way we choose. Many went out for dinner, others had spreads, and some spent the evening playing bridge.

February 23—This evening the Academy Senior Class gave their annual Prom. Since it was a George Washington celebration, a colonial plan of decoration was carried out, and the "specialty" consisted of two numbers. The first was a minuet by Mickey Miller and Maxine Bledsoe showing the amusements of George Washington's time, and the second was a dance by Annette Kirby and Peggie Pullen showing the amusements of the Negroes on the plantations today.

DR. HOLT'S ADDRESS

On Sunday, February tenth, Dr. Arthur E. Holt of the Congregational Theological Seminary in Chicago, spoke in Metcalf Hall on "Leadership." As Lincoln's birthday was only a few days away, probably that great American was foremost in the minds of many of us, as Dr. Holt made his address.

An interesting comparison was made of the lives of different people. Dr. Holt said that some of us were cisterns, while others were wells. If we were cisterns, there would be for a time a high flow, but we would soon be empty. If we were wells, we would penetrate down into the hidden spring of life and contribute to the world's supply. Dr. Holt believes each one of us should contribute something worth while to society. If we have found the hidden springs of life, we should make them a hidden source of power. God is the great center of power, and the secret of intuitive living is to allow God to speak with us and to cultivate a friendship with Him.

Both Dr. Holt and his thought-arousing address left a simulating and inspiring impression upon all who were fortunate enough to hear him. We hope that in the near future he may be able again to visit our school.

ARTIST RECITAL

The recital given by Stanley Deacon, baritone, on Thursday evening,

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February fourteenth, was by far the most artistic and enjoyable song recital of the year. Mr. Deacon has a voice of wide range, which possesses both power and flexibility. His tones are deep and sonorous. The program was varied by the use of songs characteristic of different peoples, as the Spanish, African, Negro, Canadian, English, and Indian. Mr. Deacon carefully explained the setting of many of his songs, and thereby made them more realistic to us. His power of interpretation was unusual, and in each song we were carried away to a different realm.

There are always a few high spots in every program and probably the following selections were most outstanding:

"The Baillif's Daughter of Islington"—*Old English*

"The Cobbler's Song"—*Norton*

"Sittin' Thinkin' "—*Fisher*

"Boots"—*Felman*

Mr. Deacon's Negro spirituals were most cordially received. An old favorite, "The Road to Mandalay," likewise received hearty applause.

Mr. Robert MacDonald, accompanied in a very able manner, sensing the moods of the singer.

"THE PATSY"

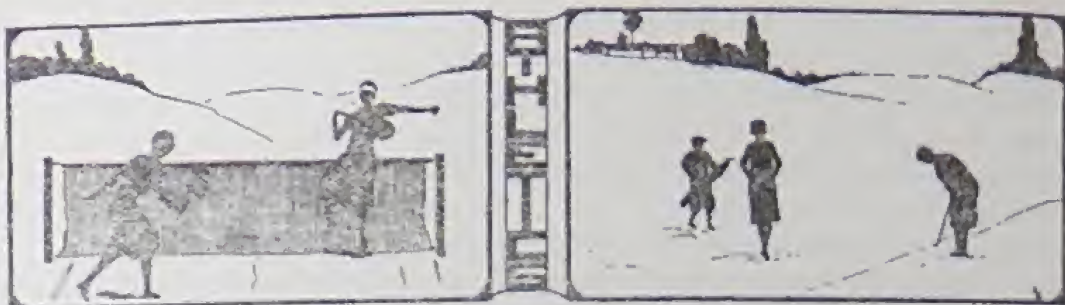
On March second, Saturday evening, the Green Curtan Dramatic Club presented the delightful light comedy, "The Patsy." Patricia is the misunderstood younger daughter of the Harrington family, and her only salvation is her father who, in his gruff way, sticks up for her through all her scrapes. Patsy comes out successfully in the end by capturing one of her haughty sister Grace's admirers, Tony Anderson.

This was one of the best comedies, closely bordering on farce, that we have ever had at Shimer. We were delightful with the characterization, especially the male parts which are doubly difficult in these times of long tresses. We want to thank Miss Parker and the cast for one of the most entertaining evenings we have had lately.

THE CAST

William Harrington	Julia Spickler
Mrs. William Harrington	Gladys Steven
Grace Harrington	Pearl Graham
Patricia Harrington	Mildred Williams
Billy Caldwell	Roberta Leland
Tony Anderson	Dorothy Yokom
Sadie Buchanan	Madelyn Helm
Francis Patrick O'Flaherty	Mona Larson
"Trip" Busty	Mona Larson

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Miss Jaynes conducted the ceremony of awarding athletic honors in chapel February sixteenth.

Letters won but not awarded last year were presented by Miss Jaynes to:

SMALL LETTERS—

Gladys Steven
Ethel Lubovich
Jane Anderson
Dorothy Friar

LARGE LETTERS

Margaret Shoemaker	Peg Pullen
Mary Callahan	Marian Munroe
Ann Finley	Edna Salmen
Ethel Lubovich	Maxine Bledso.

WINNER OF HIGH HONORS—Marion Miller.

The following girls have made a sufficient number of points to win a large letter this year:

Gertrude Best

Elizabeth Canavan

Jane Anderson

Edith Shimmin

Constance Bassett and Margery Williams have earned sufficient points since the beginning of this year to win a small letter.

Basket- and volley-ball squads have been selected and are hard at work to fit themselves for the games, the results of which will be published in the next edition of THE RECORD. Committees are at work arranging the basket ball banquet which is to be given Saturday, March 23.

Preparations for the May Fete are under way.

Tennis and golf enthusiasts have greeted the disappearance of the snow with joy and are looking forward to the opening of the spring season when they may again take up the outdoor sports.

HONOR ROLL FOR THE FIRST SEMESTER

FIRST SEMESTER, 1928-9

The first honor list contains those who have an average of 85 or above in each subject.

The second honor list contains those whose general average is 85 or above, and who may have received a grade below 85 in one or more of the subjects.

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I

Helen Beck	94.75	Margaret Ryder	90.333
Eleanor Wilson	94.375	Hester MacKecknie	92.125
Alice Fontron	93.875	Davina Ely	89.75
Miriam Slight	92.5	Dorothy Randall	89.125
Margaret Allen	91.625	Janet Strobel	89.125
Mildred Williams	91.687	Virginia Estep	89.
Gladys Steven	91.375	Edythe Avery	89.
Mary Palmer	91.125	Eleanor Wadsworth	88.
Kathryn Steinaker	91.	Charlotte Evans	87.5
Myra Joffee	90.75	Lillian O'Neill	87.5
Rebecca Murdock		86.5	

II

Mildred Davis	89.75	Anita Hurley	87.125
Helen Hults	89.75	Katherine Green	86.5
Beth Cahn	89.5	Mary Catherine Strauch	86.5
Eva Doris Doty	89.375	Frances Wright	86.375
Ann Finley	88.75	Margaret Sayer	86.125
Lita Dickerson	88.375	Edna Salmen	86.
Flora Sager	88.125	Frances Hollinshead	85.75
Neva Lowman	88.	Jane Allen	85.66
Lorraine Clark	87.875	Ruth Allanson	85.5
Marjory Hocum	87.75	Constance Bassett	85.25
Dorothy Fryer	87.375	Elizabeth Fries	85.25
Mary Jo. Noble	87.25	Mona Larsen	85.125
Harriet Pray		85.125	

EXCHANGES

The Ogontz Mosaic, Rydal, Pa.

We enjoyed your holiday number very much. Your departments are well balanced, but we would have liked a little larger literary section in that issue. The stories you have are very enjoyable. Miss Amelia Earhart is a famous Alumna of the Ogontz School.

The Clarion, Jamaica Plain High School, Boston, Mass.

"The Clarion" is a splendid, well-developed high school magazine. We liked your "Smiles" section particularly.

The Mary Baldwin Miscellany, Mary Baldwin College, Staunton, Va.

Your stories are, for the most part, artistically done. "Winter Burial", by Marguerite Valz, is especially noteworthy. We also liked "Baked Sky" and "The Shop Girl". Your whole magazine shows much artistic talent.

The Recorder, Winchester High School, Winchester, Mass.

"Wild Oats", a short story appearing in "The Recorder", received honorable mention in the Traveler's Contest.

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The Jabberwock, The Girls' Latin School, Boston, Mass.

We certainly do like "The Jabberwock". Your cover design is weird but very clever. Material is well written and interesting, but a few more cuts would make your magazine more attractive.

The Scroll, Washington Seminary, Washington, Pa.

"The Scroll is delightful. We look forward to receiving each issue. You certainly have many enjoyable social events. We like the "breezy" way in which your Seminary Notes are written. More editorials would help your magazine.

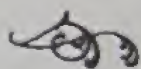
The Western Oxford, Western College, Oxford, Ohio.

Yours are the most interest-compelling stories we have had this year in our exchange. They far above the average. In your January number we liked "Miss Sally Steel", "Humpty-Dumpty and the New Boy", and "The Long Road" best. Let us have more poetry.

The Triangle, Emma Willard School, Troy, N. Y.

Your stories are unusual, and the "Craft in Our Harbor" department is handled very cleverly. We never thought of exchanges as "ships" with new and strange "cargoes" before.

THE FRANCES SHIMER RECORD gratefully acknowledges the following exchanges: *The Northern Illinois*, Northern Illinois State Teachers' College, De Kalb, Ill.; *The Onedia Mountaineer*, Onedia Institute, Onedia, Kentucky; *The Recorder*, Winchester High School, Winchester, Mass.; *The Western Oxford*, Western College, Oxford, Ohio; *The College Greetings*, Illinois Woman's College, Jacksonville, Ill.; *The Shoreline*, Deerfield-Shields High School, Highland Park, Ill.; *The Scroll*, Washington Seminary, Washington, Pa.; *The Jabberwock*, Girls' Latin School, Boston, Mass.; *The Triangle*, Emma Willard School, Troy, N. Y.; *The Clarion*, Jamaica Plain High School, Boston, Mass.; *The Ogontz Mosaic*, Ogontz School, Rydal, Pa.



THE SCATTERED FAMILY

Grace Libey, ex-faculty, is teaching History and English in the high school at Howe, Indiana.

The engagement of Rasalyn Manaster, '22-'23, to Mr. Stanley B. Rose, has been announced.

Jeannette Lloyd '28 is teaching third and fourth grades in a consolidated school in Jordan, Iowa. She writes: "I have been thinking of my Alma Mater and wishing that I could go back and be a part of it all again. I could not resist the temptation to write and express my appreciation of all the things Frances Shimer has given me."

Lohma Boyle, '26-'27, is at Washington State University taking the nurses' training course.

Frances Shimer friends of Emily Reed '28 sympathize with her in the loss of her father, who died suddenly on January 1. Major Reed had been for fifteen years the physician and surgeon of Culver Military Academy, and had previously been a medical missionary of the Presbyterian Church in China.

Dorothy Miles Rhenstrom '15 lives in Fort Worth, Texas, where her husband, Mr. E. G. Rhenstrom, a skilled and experienced aviator, is connected with the Texas Air Transport.

Helen Terry '26 completed her work at Illinois Women's College for the B. A. degree in February. At present she is a buyer for the Hyde Park Y. W. C. A. cafeteria.

Jessie Matkin Fisher '00 has registered her daughter Elizabeth in the Junior College for September.

Marjorie Manning, daughter of May Schreiner Manning '95, will also come in September to represent the second generation of her family at Frances Shimer.

Friends at Frances Shimer extend sympathy to Louise Reichelt Wright '13 and Faith Reichelt '21 in the loss of their father who died in February at the family home in Wilmette.

Margaret Thankful Cratty, '01-'04, died after a lingering illness on December 9, 1928. She was the sister of Theo Cratty '01 of Medford, Oregon.

Vergne Davis Mertz '26 has returned to Chicago after several months' residence in London, where her husband was a press correspondent. They have a daughter six months old.

Lucille Branch '26 graduated in June from the Academy of Fine Arts in Chicago.

Mary Frances Murray '26 is spending the winter at home in Chicago, but expects to return to her college work soon.

The engagement of Ruth Mearns '28 to Mr. Stanley Addison Weld of Winnetka has been announced.

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Loie Kelly Thompson '01 is living in Rock Rapids, Iowa. She has two lovely daughters, both of high school age, the elder of whom she hopes to send to her Alma Mater in September.

Mildred Nessley Buchner, '18-'19, writes of an interesting trip abroad last summer, when she and her husband traveled for the most part in Northern Europe. This summer they are registered with the Intercollegiate Travel Bureau for a trip that will take them to the Mediterranean countries.

Nellie Foster '97 sends Easter greetings from Lancaster, Mass., where she is teaching music. She writes of her plan to spend her spring vacation with Jessie Pottle Brownell in Boston.

Agnes Prentice '14 was married on April 8 to Dr. Hiram Jason Smith of Chicago. The service was read by Dr. Charles W. Gilkey in the Joseph Bond chapel of the University of Chicago.

Mary D. Miles '98 spent the winter in Arizona and California. She writes of many interesting auto trips through the Arizona country with Louellyn Rogers Shakelton, who lives in Phoenix.

Edna Gillogly '18 is librarian in the James W. Riley junior-senior high school in South Bend, Indiana. Salome Pfleeger '20 is teaching Mathematics at the same school. Sue Clark Perkins '05 does departmental teaching in the Washington High School.

Judith Weill Lowenthal '01 has been for some years an efficient worker in public welfare in Chicago. At present she is President of the Chicago Women's Aid. She has also served as Vice President of the Illinois Suffrage Association of the Chicago League of Women Voters Forum, Chairman of the South Side Social Hygiene Society, and Secretary of the League of Religious Fellowship. She is a magnetic speaker and talks frequently before community groups.

Katherine Mattes '28 writes of her great interest in her work at the University of Idaho, where she is a Junior. She says: "All sixty-four of my credits were accepted. I shall never forget the two years I spent at Frances Shimer. In fact, I am already regarding them as the most profitable of my school life. I am pledged Pi Beta Phi. We have an exceptionally fine group of girls, many of them active in the university life. I meet Lois Kennedy on the campus occasionally."

Bernice Clark '04 received her M. A. degree from the University of Chicago in June, majoring in Education. For several years Miss Clark has taught in the high school of South Bend, Indiana.

Virginia Carr, '18-'19, is perhaps the first Frances Shimer student to take up her residence in Africa. Miss Carr was married on January 26 to Mr. Thomas Henry Borland of Cairo, where they will live. Mr. Borland is in charge of the interests of the Dutch Shell Oil Company in Egypt and Maurine Bogert '25 is teaching in Stanley, Iowa, for the fourth year.

Isabel Ingram, '24-'25, has recently returned from a Mediterranean cruise.

Mrs. Alice Bradford Wiles, a teacher of Latin in the School in 1875-'76, died at her home in Chicago on February 20. Mrs. Wiles came from

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a prominent Massachusetts family and was an early graduate of Cornell University.

Pluma Clemon Whyte '19 is living in Torrance, California, where her husband is editor of the Torrance Herald.

Esther Clark '15 is teaching in the Roosevelt Junior High School in Rockford.

Margaret Hermann Menzimmer '24 teaches in the Harlem Consolidated School of Rockford. Her husband, Mr. Lisle Menzimmer, is an attorney there.

Frances Duraham '09 is head nurse in the students' hospital at Northwestern University.

THE RECORD acknowledges receipt of a photograph of two school grandchildren, six-year-old George and two-year-old Rasalind Sawyer, son and daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Ralph Sawyer (Martha Green '10) of Ann Arbor, Michigan. Dr. Sawyer is a professor in the department of Physics at the University of Michigan, and Mrs. Sawyer is in the office of the University Examiner. Before her marriage Mrs. Sawyer held a similar position in the University of Chicago.

Mrs. Mary Eacker Durham, a student of the early days, and for many years a successful teacher in the rural schools of Carroll County, died at her home in Mt. Carroll in March. She was the mother of Eva Durham Schaut '09, and Frances Durham '09, to whom THE RECORD extends sincere sympathy in their loss.

Florence Francke '22 is teaching in the public schools of Kewanee, Illinois.

Blanche Warrick '23 is a senior this year in Cornell College, Mt. Vernon, Iowa. Miss Warrick has taught for several years since her graduation from Frances Shimer.

Laurel Gillogly '12 has a year's leave of absence from her work in the Madison, Wisconsin, high school, where she has taught for some years, and is spending the year in Chicago, teaching in the Hyde Park High School.

Sarah Mackay Austin '02 has recently been elected a member of the board of education at Webster Groves, Mo., where she lives. Mrs. Austin has the distinction of being the first alumna of Frances Shimer to take the Ph. D. degree.

Bess Blamer Turney '97 lives in Pasadena, California. She has many private pupils in voice, besides large demands for concert singing. Mrs. Turney studied for several years with Oscar Saenger of New York, and at present is studying with Arthur Alexander.

Martha ("Mex") White Johnson '14 sends greetings from her home in Silver City, New Mexico. She writes of meeting Ruth and Grace Chester and Therese Falkenau every year in California.

Phyllis Marschall '24 was honored with a leading part in the play "Spring o' the Year," recently presented by the department of Drama in the Yale University School of Fine Arts, where she is a student.

News has recently reached the School that Ruby Hughes Tothill, '03-

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'06, and her family will arrive in the United States early in May on their way from Suva, the Fiji Islands, where Dr. Tothill was sent by the English government as the Secretary of Agriculture for the colony, to Uganda, Africa, where he will act in a similar capacity.

MARRIAGES

Carol Badger, '26-'28, to Mr. John Harvey Tracy, December 25, 1928, at Long Beach, California. At home 211 North Oak Park Avenue, Oak Park, Illinois.

Violet Spealman '26 to Mr. John B. Frank on January 18, 1929, at Chadwick.

Betty Phelps '26 to Mr. Keith Kellogg on January 9, 1929, at Angola, Indiana.

Katherine Keller '27 to Mr. Gordon Stanford Guile on November 27, 1928, at Birmingham, Michigan.

Evelyn Robinson, '26-'28, to Mr. Charles Jonas Kubin on November 27, 1928, Chicago.

Mary Louise McCullough '26 to Mr. Lloyd Stewart Brannon on March 2, 1928, Central City, Nebraska.

Virginia Carr, '18-'19, to Mr. Thomas Henry Borland on January 26, 1929, at Cairo, Egypt. At home after March 1, Cairo, Egypt.

BIRTHS

To Mr. and Mrs. Arthur C. Meske (Margaret Van Voorhees '20) a son, William Hartley, Nov. 2, 1928, at Walnut Hills, Cincinnati, Ohio.

To Mr. and Mrs. Emile D. Bloche (Florence Rice '24) a daughter, Florence Joan, March 24, 1929, in Chicago.

NOVELTY SHOP

Peg.: "Mike, you're sitting there with your mouth open."

Mike: "I know it. I opened it myself."

Miss Fortna: "You should eat foods that develop the cranium."

Ruth J.: "I suggest noodle soup, head cheese, and cocoanut pie."

Marg. A.: "What makes you talk so much?"

Miriam V. B.: "Oh, I was vaccinated with a talking machine needle."

"The noise you make with that soup is terrible."

"Vell, vot do you expect of soup? Grand opera?"

"What insect lives on the least food?"

"The moth. It eats holes."

"I haven't slept for days."

"What's the matter? Sick?"

"No. I sleep nights."

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F—orgot the assignment;
L—ost my book;
U—sed up all my paper;
N—ever studied last night;
K—new it once, but forgot it;
 Spells it every time.

All those who think our jokes are poor
Would straightway change their views,
 Could they compare the ones we print,
With the those that we refuse.

College Soph.: "Did you ever take chloroform?"
Acad. Senior: "No, who teaches it?"

Alice H.: "I hear that Dorothy has the habit of talking to herself
when she is alone."

Kay G.: "I'm sure I don't know."

A. H.: "But I thought that you two were intimate friends."

K. G.: "Yes, but I was never with her when she was alone."

Trues: "I think all pretty girls are conceited."

Spark: "I don't think I am."

Miss Hostetter: "What did Homer write?"

Janice P.: "He wrote the 'Oddity' and the 'Idiot', didn't he?"

Neva L.: "I hate revolving doors."

F. Clapp: "S do I. You can't slam them when you're mad."

FAMOUS LAST WORDS

"Well, well, I wonder if it's loaded! I'll look down the barrel and
see."

"Which one of these is the third rail, anyway?"

"That fire-cracker must have gone out. Guess I'll have to light it
again."

"What a funny noise that snake makes. I think I'll step on it."

"I do."

Some report cards look like a "Melody in F".

Teacher: "Will some one use the word 'specific' in a sentence?"

Pupil: "Specific Ocean."

"What college are you going to?"

"Shoe College."

"Never heard of it."

"Well, it's a little higher than Oxford."

THE FRANCES SHIMER RECORD

"What is the purpose in the last line of this poem?"
"To end the poem, I suppose."

"Which travels faster, heat or cold?"
"Heat, of course; you can always catch a cold."

Miss Wallace: "The altos hold that note until you get to 'heaven'."

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